The Weekly Expositor

J. A. MENZIES, Editor and Prop

BROCKWAY CENTRE, - MICH.

MR. EDISON, the inventor, says he would give all his fame to recover his hearing. No doubt of it. The trumpet of Fame has no music for dead ears.

PROBABLY the youngest bank President in the world is J. M. Baily, jr., who, at the age of twenty-three years, has been placed at the head of the Minnehaha National Bank of Sioux City.

A DEED for a piece of land in Windsor, Conn., has recently come to light, which is made valuable and interesting by the fact that it bears the name of Matthew Grant, the first American ancestor of Gen. Grant. Its date is April 9, 1661.

THE length to which some men will go to avoid labor is almost beyond comprehension. Thomas Cosgrove, a prisoner is Santa Clara, Cal., rather than work, has lived on bread and water and in solitary confinement for two weeks. "No sweat-of-the-brow racket for me," he says.

GEORGE MULLER, celebrated throughout the world as a worker for the good of his fellow-men, is now eighty-two years old and as full of zeal and activity as ever. He has just returned to England, after a preaching tour of 37,000 miles through Australia, China, Japan and other countries. Two thousand children greeted him at Bristol upon his return, the little ones being inmates of his orphanage in that city.

THE editor of the Abbyville (S. C.) *Medium* has challenged either President McBride, Prof Davis or Prof. Patton of the South Carolina College of Agriculture, to meet him in a ploughing match, to come off in November next on the fair grounds at Columbia. It is understood that one of the three college men will pick up the gauntlet. The contest is to be a public one and a vast multitude is expected to bepresent to see the contestants turn somersaults over the hidden roots and hear them swear at the mules.

CUBBAGE WILLIAMS and severa others cut a bee tree near Troupville, Ga. The hollow, which was tolerably large, was found to be filled with honey and comb for the distance of fifteen feet. After securing the honey one of the boys cut into the tree above the portion used by the bees and found a rattlesnake three feet long. As there was no hole in the tree except the one which contained the honey the supposition is that the snake crawled up the hollow before the bees began to hive, and the honey comb had effectually blocked his exit.

FAIR HAVEN, CONN., is in a queer predicament, if a story on the rounds is true. It recits that there is a lot of land there for which no one has ever been taxed and to which the city has no title. The assessors and officials have spent much time and money in efforts to find the owner, and now have begun to unwind a ball of red tape to gain possession. The city has ordered sidewalk built opposite the land, and will then advertise for the owner to come on and pay for it. A lien can then be placed on the property, which in due course of time will come into the city's possession.

IN Australia and the neighboring islands are seen many large mounds of earth which were formerly supposed to be the tombs of departed natives. These remarkable tumuli, reaching as much as fifteen feet in perpendicular height and sixty feet in circumference at the base, are not the work of man, however, but are now known to be the incubators built by the jungle fowl and other species of the small family of megapodidæ, or great-footed birds. Each of these great piles consists of fallen leaves, grasses, &c., which the birds deposit in place by throwing backward with one foot. Though the mounds are usually in dense shade, the decaying vegetable matter has been found to raise the temperature at the center as high as 95°. The eggs are carefully placed with the larger end up, about twelve inches apart, and are all covered to a depth of at least two or three feet.

THE recent marriage in Philadelphia of Mr. George R. Foulke to Miss Jean Kane gives occasion for the mention of many prominent people. Miss Kane, says the *Ledger*, is a daughter of the late Dr. John Kane, whose father, Judge Kane, was long a leading citizen of this State, an active politician in the best sense, and at the time of his death United States Judge here, preceding Judge Cadwalader. One of his sons, Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, was famous for his Arctic discoveries, and his books had a sale that was quite unprecedented in their day. His brother, Gen. Thomas L. Kane, was a gallant officer in the Union volunteer service in the war of the rebellion, and a pioneer in settling the great track on the line of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad belonging to the McKean and Elk County Land Company. The surviving brother, Mr. Patterson Kane, is a learned lawyer and literary man. Miss Kane's mother was Miss Bayard, sister of the present Secretary of State, Thomas F. Bayard.

The Home Market.

Henry J. Philpott, of Des Moines, in Chicago Herald.

There can be no longer any lingering doubt in the mind of the honest inquirer that the dependence of the American farmer, and especially the Northwestern farmer, on foreign markets has prodigiously increased during the present high tariff period. And this in spite of the fact that the country has been growing older, its population increasing by the natural process and by immigration, and its soil gradually growing poorer by natural exhaustion.

It is true that within very recent years the tide has turned, and our farmers are not exporting so much as before. But aside from the fact that the decline is still far from independence of that market, its causes are nothing to exult over, but rather bode ill to the farmers. It is not because we are getting independent of the foreigners, but because they are getting independent of us. They have found other sources of supply. Hearing us boast of our success in protecting our manufactures, they have concluded to try the plan of protecting our farmers. In one way and another they are giving us the shake.

And so, after suffering one evil added to another, this last punishment has been visited upon our farmers for their folly in supporting a tariff which robbed them and their children to build up the industries of other people. Is it unmerited?

At this point comes forward the monopolist, with his pocket full of tribute wrung from the farmer, and says: "We haven't robbed you. You are getting your manufactured goods cheaper than you did before you gave us this protection."

"But not as much cheaper as you are getting mine," the farmer might retort. "You promised that if I would vote for your scheme you would give me your products cheaper and give me higher prices for mine. That was a safe promise, because one of the very earliest discoveries in the science of political economy was that the strong natural tendency of mill products is to decline and of farm products to rise in price as civilization advances and the world fills up with people. Instead of that my selling prices have declined faster than yours in many cases. And now you won't give me a cent more for my stuff than the foreigner will, both of you paying the freight, and you won't sell me your goods nearly as cheap as he will."

The claim of the tariff monopolist that his policy is what has cheapened goods is the crowning impudence of grasping humanity. It is not exactly a theft, but it is a bold rape of credit that belongs to other people and to other factors of civilization. The farmer himself, by furnishing cheap raw material, has contributed a good deal toward it. Still more has been done by the railroads, which carry these materials to the factory for less than a twelfth part of what it would cost by team and wagon.

Another part is due to the inventors, who have usually been rather poorly paid by the monopolists who have reaped the rewards of their brain labor. These causes account for nearly all the cheapening of the factory prices of things, and the wonder to me is that they haven't cheapened them still more. We all know they have cheapened them more in England than here, and the protectionist who denies it is the first to prove it by filling his trunk with cheap English goods when he crosses the ocean, and the most cunning in smuggling them through the custom house when he gets back.

A large part of the reduction in retail prices is due again to the railroads; to the natural growth of capital, which has to put up with smaller profits; to the enterprise and improved methods of the jobbers and retailers; to the bankers, who have facilitated exchanges and helped mightily to systematise trade; to a steadier money system, free from wildcat issues, and to the increased general intelligence of buyers, who know a good thing when they see it.

Now, with all these causes operating, and the railroads alone employing nearly three times as much capital as all the protected and unprotected manufacturing and mechanical pursuits put together, I cannot conceive of anything more monstrously absurd, or requiring more unblushing assurance on the part of him who utters it, than the assertion that the tariff has cheapened manufactures in this country. The fact on which this cheeky claim is based is that the tariff has not quite robbed us of all the benefits of thirty years of a civilization which is rife in Europe as here, and is spreading all over the world. In every department of industry the civilized world over labor-saving devices have cheapened the good things of life. Is any American crazy enough to say that this printed copy of The Herald is a protected product? And yet what an incredible miracle of cheapness it is as compared with similar products thirty or forty years ago.

And think how long this cheapening process has been going on; hundreds and hundreds of years; and yet because they didn't stop it and keep it stopped for nearly a whole generation the protected monopolists claim that they organized it. Was there ever a bolder appropriation, for a wickeder purpose, of credit due to other men?

Why, they would by this time have quite fleeced us into bankruptcy but for their foreign competitors, who, in spite of the tariff, have crowded them all the time in their own markets. Those wicked foreigners, who are not only wicked but poor and ignorant, saved our country from universal bankruptcy in 1873-82 by increasing their purchases of our farm stuff to the extent of a couple of billion dollars or so, paying us the top of the market for them, and by selling us their own wares cheaply they have kept our monopolists down to the limit of the tariff, and kept them howling around Congress for more protection, at the very same time when those monopolists were sending agents up and down the country proclaiming that it owes all its prosperity, all its good markets for bread, meat and cotton, and all its cheapening of manufactures to them, and them alone. It would make the steam man tired.

Here is a little table of our leading imports, showing their increase in twenty years:

	1867.	1887.
Cottons	$23,872,474	$29,150,058
Woolens and Wool	51,913,870	60,586,613
Iron and steel	25,000,000	50,618,985
Flax and manufactures	19,321,587	33,807,382
Silk and manufactures	18 789,877	31,264,276
Glass and glassware	3,744,557	7,301,339

An increase in every one of these great classes of goods. Neither in our sales nor in our purchases has the tariff made us independent of foreigners. It has simply robbed us both in selling and in buying. All our farm products are cheaper at the seaboard than ever before. Hence if they are not cheaper in the interior the fact is due entirely to the cheapening of transportation. So that both in selling and in buying the farmer has been robbed of a large part, even if not quite robbed of all, of the results of the last thirty years of industrial progress. Both his American market and his foreign market have been impaired. The American factory is not near his home. He is its serf, and its present and past owners are absentee landlords, one living by the spoliation of to-day and the other by interest on the spoliation of the past.

The Lumber Trust.

Mr. Anderson, of Iowa, the successor of Maj. Hepburn in the House, who was elected as an independent Republican, has given the G. O. P., a great deal of trouble in the House for the past week. He has read the riot act, so to speak, to Mr. Read and the other Republican leaders, for not carrying out the pledges the party has made to the people in the reduction of taxation. Mr. Anderson, in speaking of the manner in which the Republicans met the proposition, jumped onto Mr. Reed and said that it would not do for gentlemen to ask questions with a sneer, a leer or a jeer, into which the gentlemen unwittingly drift in their questions, and which compose at least three-fourths of their arguments. [Laughter and applause.] Continuing he said:

"I have stated that there was a lumber trust in Iowa, and you ask me to prove it. Were there no proof of a trust, you would all deny its existence, until it becomes as patent and as open to everybody as the existence of the Standard Oil company. You denied the existence of the Standard Oil trust, and you asked who composed it, and you would not acknowledge that any such trust existed, until its existence was known to everybody. Until the existence of the Standard Oil trust became palpable to all, you continued to deny, in the face of the country, that there was any such trust, just as you deny the existence of a lumber trust in the State of Iowa. I have said that there was such a lumber trust in the State of Iowa. If you want to learn all the facts, why do you not go before your congressional committees and make an investigation? The committee on manufactures has been holding an investigation during this session on these matters; why do you not go before that committee and find out whether there is a lumber trust in Iowa or not? In view of the record which our protection friends have made what answer can they make to the people of this country who suspect that they have not been dealing with them in good faith. First the plea was infancy; but at the time that plea was made they believed that when they had arrived at the state of manhood they would be able to open the gates and go out and meet all competitors upon the field. Yet now they seek to take refuge behind the other pleas which I have mentioned.

You have learned something, and you need not criticise those who suspect the cause of the great conversion (to which I want to allude if I have time) that has taken place in this country, which is attributed simply to an enlightened statesmanship and a greater scope of view. They passed the stage of 'infant industries,' they came to the stage of 'war necessities,' they pleaded the misfortunes of the country and took a new position before the American people, and took it in order to go back on it directly and to prove as recreant to it as they had proved to the pledges which they gave the country when, in consideration of 'infant industries,' the first protective duties were imposed. Under these circumstances I ask my friends on this side, Republicans with whom I have trained all my life, in the face of the distinct pledges that have marked the history of this business from its beginning—I ask how do they account for the wonderful stride they have made with reference to this question? I am a Republican and always have been. I learned all my political knowledge, though it may be little, in the Republican household; and while there are those who will criticise me with reference to my party fealty, it does not alter the fact that I am familiar with the history of the Republican party of this country. I know its record, not only in my State, but in this Union, with reference to this great economic question."

During the course of the Iowan's speech the Republicans made many attempts to throw him off his guard, but it was futile. He held his own well and it could plainly be seen that his side of the house was feeling keenly the blows their own colleague was dealing them. The Democrats flocked about and at the conclusion of his speech he was given a glorious ovation. He is a very favorable speaker and was accorded good attention, aside from the interruptions made by those on his own side of the house.

This is Too Thin.

Rockville (Ind.) Tribune.

Were it possible for every voter of the republic to see for himself the condition and recompense of labor in Europe, the party of free trade in the United States would not receive the support of one wage worker between the two oceans. It may not be directly in our power as philanthropists to elevate the European laborer but it will be a lasting stigma on our statesmanship, if we permit American laborers to be forced down to the European level.—Blaine's Last Letter.

Just what the significance of the above is we are at a loss to know. As every country he has visited in Europe has a monumental tariff wall around it, we must necessarily conclude that this condition which "may not be in our power as philanthropists to elevate" is the outcome of it; but of course Mr. Blaine does not mean this. Connecting this condition with free trade is therefore the flattest contradiction we have ever seen. Does Mr. Blaine think the voters of the republic are natural born idiots, that they can't see through such a transparent statement as the above?

Time Will Vindicate Him.

Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Ashbel P. Fitch, a Republican representative in Congress from New York, has been burnt in effigy for his support of the Mills tariff bill. But let not Mr. Fitch be disturbed by this temporary exhibition of party resentment over a brave and independent position. He has many an example for his encouragement. David Wilmot was burnt in effigy at many a rolling mill and furnace in Pennsylvania for his vote for the tariff of 1846. But so rapidly did the industrial and business interests of the country adjust themselves to that wise measure that the Whigs did not dare to make it an issue in the election of 1848, and David Wilmot was returned to Congress by a larger majority than before. In 1857 this same David Wilmot was made the Republican candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania and his Republican supporters never mentioned his vote for the tariff of 1846. When the financial revulsion took place in the midst of general prosperity in the year of Wilmot's candidacy for Governor no one pretended that the crisis had been caused by the tariff.

A LAY OF LABOR.

I give to song, with willing heart,
A theme that spans the ages,
That stands abreast of all Time's art
On wide historic pages—
Labor, the King, the royal King,
In honor crowned, of him I sing,
Raise the banner to his name—
Master of all endeavor—
Foremost on the scroll of fame,
The arm that moves the lever.

The noblest engine mankind wields—
The press—at his commanding,
Touches the earth's remotest fields
And keeps the old word standing,
Science, behold us at thy shrine;
But there's a grander name than thine—
Speak it! Fear not, for the end,
'Tis writ to stand forever—
Nature's truest, closest friend—
The arm that moves the lever.

The forge, the loom, the castle high,
The field with ripe grain waving,
With living voices testify
What Labor's soul keeps braving.
Stamped upon all its royal seal
Stands signet for the races' weal,
Strike the cymbal! Hear, ye great
Sing, mountain, wind and river
To the chief in man's estate—
The arm that moves the lever!

—*William Lyle, Philadelphia Call.*

HOW I BECAME AN AUTHOR.

The Story of that Five-Hundred Dollar Prize.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

"Do not put a heapin' spoonful of sugar in your tea, Elsie. Mind, sugar has riz half a cent on the pound," said my Aunt Phillis, sharply, as she moved the yellow, cracked sugar-bowl out of my reach.

"Growin' girls do eat an amazin' sight," joined in Uncle Reuben, from the other side of the table. "It was mighty inconsiderate for Robert to drop off so sudden-like and leave you unprovided for. With his five hundred a year he ought to have laid away a sight o' money. But he was no manager, never was. It was not in him to say no when people came a beggin', and he religiously laid by his tenth for the Lord, no matter how poor the harvest. Now, my doctrine is, if the Almighty stints the crops, it's his own lookout if he has to take short toll. I reckon I will be obleeged to give you a home, but you must jump round spry and try to pay your keepin'. Now, if Providence could only have seen far enough forward to have made you a boy, it would have been more to my likin'. Then you could have built fence, fixed the cellar wall and sich, which I've got to pay for, seein' you are a girl. If you could have taken hold of the plow-handles and followed the furrows, I needn't have hired Jacob to help with clearin' or grubbin'—but, pshaw! what does a girl's work amount to, anyhow? What signifies rubbin' out a few cloths, sweepin' the house over once a day, or washin' a dozen dishes now and then? Cryin'! It is annoyin' how easy women do cry. Sakes alive, they laugh and cry in one breath. No power on earth can control 'em when they want to be contrary."

"And that reminds me, Elsie, that your uncle has took the schoolmaster to board, and it is high time his room was put to rights. I am sure I don't know what possessed you, Reuben, for them book-larned people are all a woolgatherin' set. Of course, four dollars a week is a circumstance not to be overlooked, but if he has not an appetite like a saw-mill, I miss my guess."

Aunt Phillis' steel gray eyes were still upon me, though her closing words were addressed to uncle, who was too intent upon the business before him to grant her an answer. Though trembling violently, I ventured to inquire:

"Can't I go to school, Aunt Phillis?"

She turned upon me savagely, fairly screaming:

"Go to school, Elsie! Do you reckon that me and your uncle are a goin' to keep you up a lady, and git nothin' for our pains? You're a better scholar now than even our John, better than any man or woman in the neighborhood, unless it might be the minister himself. You'll not sit here mopin' like you did at home when your father was livin', I assure you."

"You see what book larnin' did for your father," put in Uncle Reuben. "He was a sight better off than I was when we started in life, for Uncle Robert Cherry left him five hundred dollars for his name. If he had invested that money in land, instead of puttin' it in his head, you would not be on my hands a pauper, to-day. Too much edication is not good for men, and it ruins women."

Here uncle gave emphasis to his words by a decided nod; a habit he had when peculiarly well pleased with himself.

As we arose from the table, aunt returned to the subject uppermost in her mind, by hurrying me off to arrange the masters room.

"Tuck 'em big pillows into the chest that stands in the corner. Goodness knows, these college chaps carry their heads high enough without poppin' 'em up with four pillows, and mind, Elsie, to take off that new blanket. You can slip on that old comfort in the chest. He'll never know the difference."

I was glad to escape from the sound of her harsh voice, but a more formidable foe awaited me in the passage.

No sooner had I closed the door than cousin John, a great, burly lad of sixteen, called out tauntingly:

"Ho, my fine lady. So you expect to put on grand airs, and lord it over us in finished style. Pretty cheeky for a poor-house kid, I should say."

"You are a bad, cruel boy, and I hate you," I cried, indignantly.

"Take that, and that, for your sass," he retorted, striking me with a whip he held in his hand. "I'll teach you to talk back to me, you beggar."

"You are a wicked, unprincipled boy," I returned defiantly, springing behind the door to avoid the second attack. In his fury to get ahead of me, he jerked the door with such force as to throw himself against a table that stood near. His howl of pain brought his mother to the scene of conflict.

"That young tiger flew at me like a mad-man, and hammered my face into a jelly," he screamed, wiping the blood from the slight wound. Aunt Phillis would not listen to my explanation, but, grasping my arm, she shook me roughly, and then, after boxing my ears, shoved me towards the staircase, declaring, that as a punishment for my ungrateful conduct, I would not be permitted to speak for a month except when answering questions. I crept up stairs as fast as my blinded tears would permit, and throwing myself upon my bed, gave way to a violent outburst of grief. Only a fortnight before, I had, in dumb agony, listened to the clods rattling upon the coffin-lid of my dear father, who all my life, had shielded me from hardship. The dear old parsonage, with its vine-clad porch, rose up before me, and in its shadow I beheld my silver-haired father dozing in his chair, the golden rays of a summer-sunset touching his sainted face as with the pencil of an angel. Again, his gentle voice thrilled my soul as in the days and years gone by, and in fancy the magic touch of his trembling fingers cooled the fever of my aching brow. No doubt my father intended to prepare me for the shock that had shattered my life, but the summons came suddenly, and while I slept the angels carried him into the great Beyond. How long I would have wept over my crushed hopes I cannot tell, had not Aunt Phillis' shrill voice called me back to duty.

"Take 'em white dimity curtains down from the window, Elsie. Like as not the master will spatter 'em with terbacker juice," she said. "Then come down and wash the dishes." I obeyed her, promptly, but my heart ached for Master Neville, who expected to find the comforts of his refined home in this diminutive apartment, stripped alike of ornament and convenience. What a different welcome was my dear old father won't to give to the stranger within his gate!

That same evening, as I was gathering chips for the morning fire, John came unexpectedly upon me, and renewed his attack of the morning.

"So, Miss Stuck-up, you are to be the lady, and I the servant," he began. "Really I feel proud of my smart cousin. How fortunate to have your highness counted one of the family.

"Shame on you, boy, to torment a girl younger than yourself."

It was Master Neville's voice that started the young coward, causing him to sneak around the kitchen out of sight. After speaking a few kind words to me, my champion went into the house, and up the crooked stairs to his cheerless room. John's taunt concerning my kinship nerved me to action, and from that moment I set my face fixedly towards gaining a place from which he would feel honored in claiming me as one of the family. This resolution accounted for the tallow-dip burning in my bare room long after even Master Neville had extinguished his light and sought repose. Before I closed my eyes on that first night I had marked out a regular course of study which was to occupy every spare moment. It seemed to me that I had grown old in the last two weeks. I could not realize that I was the same happy child who had danced so merrily in and out of the parsonage door so short a time before. If I could only have staid with Margaret, dear Margaret, who had taken me when an infant from my dying mother's arms and cared for me during all the fifteen years of my life. She would have clung to me faithfully had not the death of my father left her in her old age as helpless and dependent as myself. "Dear Margaret, I will yet make a home for you, and together we will eat the bread of independence," I cried, bitterly. Strong in my determination to succeed, I gathered my school-books from the bottom of the old chest, and took up the unfinished lessons that my father had marked out the day before he died. Thanks to his thorough method of instruction, and the interesting manner in which he strove to present the great truths he taught, I was not only well advanced for a girl of fifteen, but I possessed that inordinate love for books that makes study a pleasure instead of a task.

Much as I shall always despise John for his cowardly treatment of a friendless orphan, I cannot but feel grateful to him for uttering the stinging words that aroused me from my stony grief, and opened up a new source of enjoyment to my starving soul. Every moment I could steal from aunt's watchful eye was devoted to my books.

One evening she happened to come into the pantry when I was replenishing my light. Taking the old saucer from my hand, she said sharply:

"Seems to me, Elsie, you use a mighty sight of tallow. Mind, it costs like sixty. Miss Jones got seven cents a pound for hern. There is no sense in a great girl like you havin' to carry a light up-stairs every night. Betty Robbins told me that she had seen a light in your window all hours of the night, and that folks say you set up to study. If I catch you stealin' your time to pour over books I'll burn 'em every one."

She set the old cracked dish on the upper shelf, and crawled up stairs, discouraged but not conquered. Just at this time I was wholly absorbed in Geometry. I made it a point to learn one new theorem every day, which I mentally worked out at night. In this way I mastered the whole book, reviewing until I could have demonstrated every theorem it contained without making a single mistake. In a similar manner I became proficient in many other branches. Usually I attempted but one study at a time. At a very early age my father had insisted on my writing a verse, story or little sketch at least once a week. This practice I managed to keep up, and after my composition book was written through I had recourse to an old time-worn ledger of my grandfather's.

One day—it was my sixteenth birthday, too—I gained courage to send my poems to a paper my uncle had been induced to take. I watched its columns eagerly every week, until my pride was fully gratified by seeing my own production in print. Again and again my vanity prompted me to write a few verses, which invariably made their appearance in the course of a few weeks.

One evening my aunt sent me on an errand to the minister's wife. She was engaged when I made my business known, and gave me a new magazine to look over until she could wait upon me. Among the first articles to attract my attention was one of my own little poems, clipped from the paper for which it had been written. My heart throbbed joyfully at this token of appreciation. For a few minutes I was supremely happy, and then an overwhelming sense of my utter loneliness came over me, and with the bitter thought that I had not a single friend to rejoice with me over my success, I turned rapidly through the remaining pages, until the words, "Five-hundred dollar prize," attracted my attention. I first ran my eye over it hastily, then re-read it carefully, after which I took paper and pencil from my pocket and copied the address. The prize was offered by the editor of the magazine for the best serial story for girls. All competing manuscripts were to be in the hands of the editor by January 1st, and the prize was awarded early in April. It was now the middle of October. Before I slept I had written for particulars, and a neighbor's lad, passing by at day-break the next morning, carried the letter to the office for me. As soon as I received instructions, I went to work with a will, and I have no doubt but that my aunt had just cause for her fault-finding during the next three months, for my mind was more upon the characters that my imagination had brought into being, than upon my work. Aunt had persistently denied me a light in my room during the whole year, but kind Margaret remembered me on my birthday by writing me a good long letter, in which she enclosed a crisp, new dollar bill. Part of this I used for paper and oil, and the balance was hoarded for postage.

A week before the time specified had expired, my precious package was commited to the care of Uncle Sam, and the two next months I waited and hoped, yet dreaded to hear the decision that the spring might have in store for for me. Three days later my weary watching was changed into a glad song of thanksgiving, for a business-looking letter which uncle put into my hands brought me the five hundred dollars I had been dreaming about for six months. I had won the prize; how, I scarcely know, unless my desperate case had nerved me for the conflict. It may be that my aching head made itself felt through my fingers-tips. At any rate, I had won the prize, and the money, indisputable, was mine.

Five hundred dollars may seem a very insignificant sum to those who count their possessions by the thousands, but to me it meant a peaceful home with my dear old Margaret and escape from the bitter bread of dependence.

"Well, it does seem as if book-larnin' amounted to something after all," admitted Aunt Phillis when she learned of my success.

"Just as I told you exactly," said Uncle Reuben, rubbing his hands together, "the gal shows her bringing up. She ort to be thankful for the home I opened up to her when a penniless child."

John looked more sullen than ever, though when he took me to the station a few days later, I overheard him explaining my success to a young lady acquaintance, and, if I mistake not, he proudly owned me as one of the family.—*Yankee Blade.*

Hours of Farm Labor

It is a difficult matter to frame a law regulating hours of labor that can be satisfactorily applied to all classes of laborers. This is clearly shown in the following remarks of the *American Cultivator* on the hours of labor for farm hands.

In our Northern latitudes the ten-hour, or any other fixed limit of the hours of labor, can not well be applied to work on the farm. As an employe, who had years of experience in farm work, well remarked: "If the ten-hour rule is strictly enforced, it will be at the disadvantage of the workingman." That this is strictly true is evident to any one who, in these short winter days, looks in any country neighborhood to see how long work lasts, how early it is begun, and how early it closes at night. In this season it is doubtful whether active out-of-door work averages much more than nine hours and often less. To do this the noon meal must be hurriedly eaten, and the breakfast and supper taken by lamplight. Not long ago we heard of a farmer who regularly, every year, when hiring his help, gave them their choice to work so long as possible in emergencies during the busy season, or to take the ten hour plan and continue it through the entire year, losing time when ever they did not make the full ten hours. Nearly all the men took the employer's advice to adopt the flexible standard adapted to the farm. Those who stuck for the ten-hour system soon repented of their bargain.

There is a comparatively short season when farm work is excessively hurrying, as in seeding and harvesting, while these jobs are suffering for attentions men and teams may for a little time work much more than ten hours per day, without any injury. But even then there are rainy days when little work can be done excepting chores, and these afford time for rest, so that even in the summer the farm laborer does not average much if any more hours of work per day than does the employe in the city work shop. And there is in farm labor a much greater variety of occupation and of thought than is common, where the working's duties are mainly running machinery. It is this variety that makes farm life more attractive. Nature is never monotonous. Each successive season brings new duties, and calls forth a different class of faculties in thought as well as in muscle. Even the tension of the busy season has its advantages. It is better that men occasionly test their powers of endurance for a short time, than to plod on in a monotonous round of labor that only partially develops their ability.

The best thing to do when you catch a colt is to let go of it.—*Idler.*